

FORWARD



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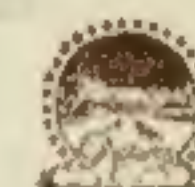
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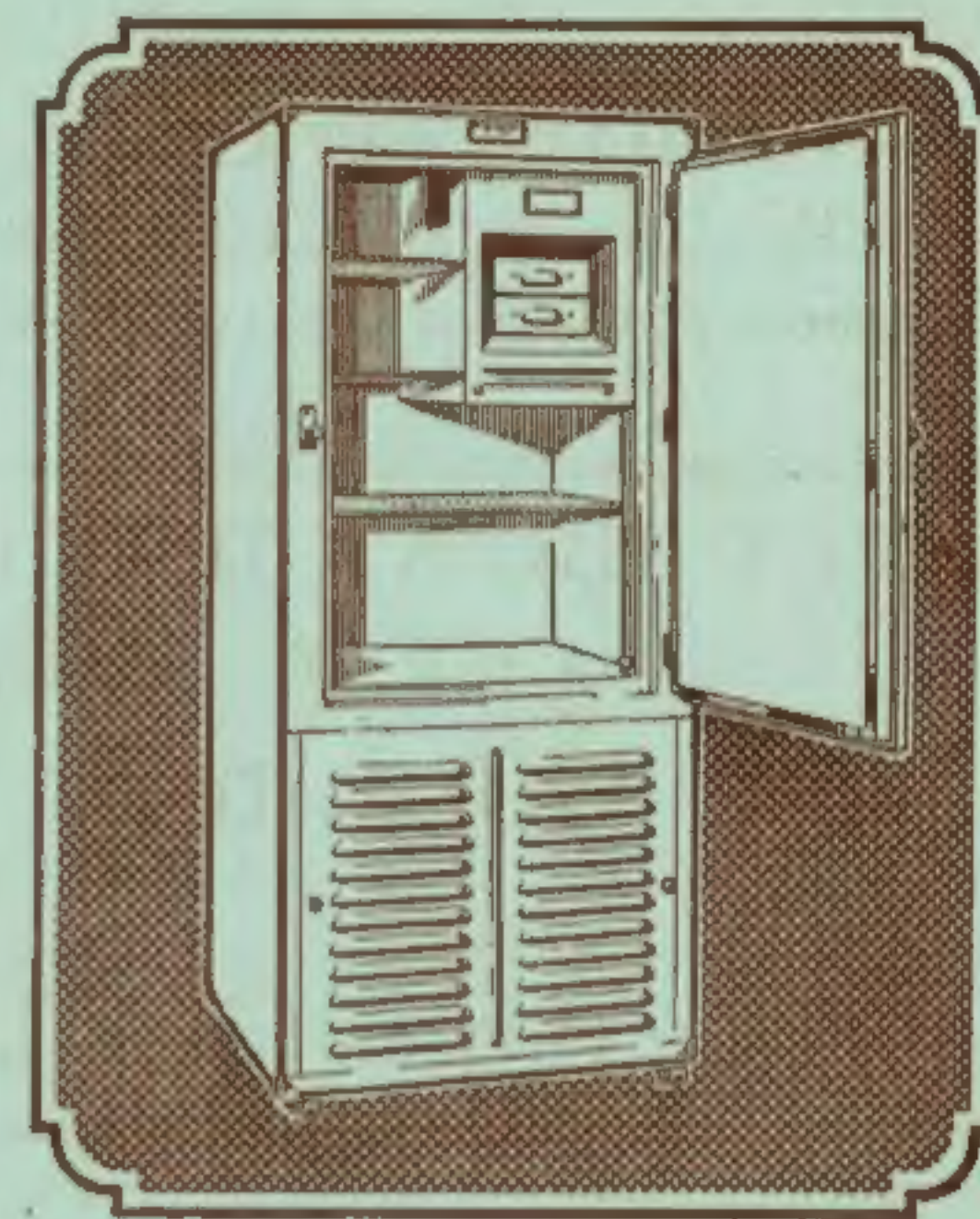
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Discovery and Disappointment

Charles Mahlmann '28

SIDNEY Jordan was a Scotsman. He was also an astronomer, geologist, physicist, chemist, and mathematician combined, but if you would have met him face to face in the street, you would no doubt have mistaken him for a tramp. His clothes were in shreds, his shoes looked as if they had belonged to Captain Kidd or to Hannibal, and a cap that must have existed in Napoleon's time was perched at a precarious angle on top of his shining temple of knowledge. Wrinkles lined his forehead; a thin pair of eyebrows and a monstrous pair of goggles indicated in general the region of his organs of vision; while his false teeth rattled at every step he took along the dusty road. Under his arm was a roll of papers; Sidney Jordan held them greedily with his thin bony fingers and cast furtive looks behind him through his spectacles to detect the proximity of possible pickpockets.

Seeing no suspicious individuals, he hobbled along as best he could with his rheumatism (Sidney Jordan was suffering from it badly) and eventually succeeded in reaching a small bungalow by the side of the road. Stumbling up the steps, tripping once and blaspheming three times, he first opened the door, banged it shut, locked and bolted it, and finally shuffled along the hallway to a room the walls of which were lined with shelves and sinks. Lighting a small cigarette stump he had picked up on the road (Sidney Jordan was economical) he made his way to one of the numerous tables upon which was placed a peculiar sort of magic lantern, (for it appeared such to the casual observer), connected, in turn, to a whole series of batteries, condensers, cells, transformers, and dynamos, placed on the floor. In a moment, he was deep in his experiments, tinkering with the machine, and puffing vigorously at the rapidly

diminishing cigarette which eventually got so short that it burnt him. Spitting it out with an oath, he continued to fuss around with the contrivance on the table. Meanwhile, the cigarette, not content with the harm which no doubt it had already done, ignited the carpet, which rapidly burst into a flame. Sidney Jordan cursed again, and called upon all the saints in heaven to help him. Taking a cup of water, he threw it on the carpet. But the water turned out to be kerosene, and did its work to augment the flames. Kicking himself for his stupidity, and cursing as usual, the fussy gentleman turned on all the faucets, flooding the room with water, and eventually succeeded in extinguishing the fire. Drying up things as much as possible, he returned to the table. His so-called invention was a box, with two thick, insulated wires leading in at one end, while at the other was a series of large lenses and reflectors; the sides of the box were lined with gears, switches, handles, and numerous other controls.

Presently, the scientist gave a grunt of appreciation and turned one of the switches. A brilliant light shot forth from within the mysterious case. Turning another, the brilliancy increased till finally it became all but dazzling. Focussing it to a spot on the wall, the wood burst into flame. Sidney Jordan noticed this though he narrowly missed seeing other things by tampering too closely with the two live wires leading into the box. Another grunt of satisfaction, however, was all that escaped his lips.

Sidney Jordan was satisfied. Though Scotsmen were not generally noted for their science, this worthy individual prided himself on being an exception. Bending down and fumbling under the table, he produced a

small cage containing a guinea pig. Focussing the rays on the rodent, it was found to show signs of great vitality and eventually began to eat itself out of the bamboo cage. Sidney Jordan grunted appreciatively. Withdrawing the beams, he sat down at his table and began to examine his bundle of papers he had brought home that night. "I've got it," he mumbled, "what people call the fourth dimension—what a farce it is so simple, yet how stupid is the world for not having found it out before. Chance fell on me—I can be omnipresent—I can enjoy undying life—the rays of life will reward me."

With these words, Sidney Jordan turned the switch, the brilliant beams shot out, and he stepped into the blinding rays. A change overcame him. His face whitened, his body swelled, his muscles bulged—no wrinkles lined his forehead. A transformed Sidney Jordan stepped out of the ray. A new man turned off the current, and a transformed man walked out briskly into the street. He watched his passing friends stare at him, and walk on trying to puzzle out in their minds who this party was. In London at the same moment, a Sidney Jordan walked leisurely along the Strand, another stood admiring the Niagara falls. Yet Sidney Jordan stood outside his house on the narrow sidewalk, congratulating himself on his invention and on his good fortune. Money seemed to jingle in his brain, he had a new outlook on life.

But men—how queer they are—the more they have of a thing, the more they want it; and accordingly, Sidney Jordan, finding his first experience so successful, wished to try it a second time, so, jumping up the steps three at a bound, he ran to his laboratory.

Turning on the rays, he stepped into them. A minute later, he stepped out again and turned the switch.

Going to a chair, he sat down, to admire his machine. Suddenly, a rough hand hit him on the shoulder. The voice of Mrs. Jordan was heard to say: "Say here, man, if ye don't get over the habit o' walking round at night and turning all the lamps o' the house on—by St. Patrick, I'll find ye a cure all right. Go ye to bed, ye good for nothing skin and bones."

Sidney Jordan, aroused, stood up. He felt himself all over. Painfully, he made his way to a looking glass and looked in. The same old Sidney Jordan with the wrinkled brow and tattered clothes confronted him. Sorrowfully, the old man turned out the light of the dining room and went to bed. His invention had been but a dream, and yet, just a few moments before, he had been at the door of fame and glory.

Playing The Game

J. Da Silva '28

ROOM 3 was in darkness. It was only nine o'clock and the two occupants of the room were fast asleep. There was a gentle knock at the door. Henry Cantwell turned restlessly in his bed then fell off to sleep again. But George Wentworth was a light sleeper and as another knock sounded on the door George jumped out of bed and slowly opened the door. "Hullo, what is it James?" George asked. "A cable for Mr. Henry, sir," James the janitor replied. "Very well, I'll take it," said George as he bade the janitor goodnight. George looked at the sleeping form of his friend. "With tomorrow's race before us I better not disturb him in his sleep," thought George. "I'll give it to him in the morning," decided George as he placed the telegram into his drawer. "Must be a cable from his Dad who promised to be here for the regatta," thought George as he stretched himself into his warm bed.

The sun was streaming into the room when George Wentworth opened

his eyes. He looked at the clock. It was seven o'clock. Jumping out of bed he was surprised to see that Henry was not in the room. "Must have gone to mass," thought George as he began his toilette.

George surmised correctly for, although it was a free day Henry Cantwell was assisting mass in the college chapel. Henry Cantwell was the most popular boy in the college. He was a well-built collegian well known for his sterling character and pleasing personality. Henry Cantwell was healthy, wealthy, and wise. That is why he was in bed at nine o'clock. Henry was determined to beat the rival crew today and he had promised he would do his utmost to bring his crew in the lead. The whole college believed this because Henry was a man of his word. So far he had always proved himself worthy of the praises of his admirers. And today he will stroke his college crew to new laurels.

The two roommates did not meet till noon at the dining hall. "I say

George, I wonder when Dad will be down." "By the way, I have a cable for you, Henry. I forgot about it. I'll give it to you right after tiffin. It came last night."

It was one thirty and the launches and trains were steaming up to get ready to accompany the rowers down the stream. Everyone on the campus was anxiously, impatiently waiting for the big event of the year, the annual regatta between Notre Dame and Holy Cross. All the rowers were in the boathouse except Henry Cantwell. Henry was nervously walking to and fro in his room. As he neared the table he picked up the telegram for the third time and reread it: "Come immediately Dad very ill." Why did George not give it to him earlier? He could not possibly desert the crew now. And yet his sick father must be asking for him. He would go home. What were the substitutes for anyway. They could easily take his place. Henry opened his portmanteau and placed what few things he thought necessary for him and thrusting the cable into his pocket he left his room.

Just as Cantwell stepped out of the building George Wentworth and four other boys came rushing towards him. It was two fifteen then. "Hurry, Henry," they cried.

Before he could raise any objections they pushed him into the waiting car and sped away. "What is the frown for, Henry?" George asked. "I am not feeling quite well." "Not well! Why, are you sick, Henry? Buck up, you know the crew is depending on you old top," George exclaimed. "My father, George." "Oh! I see, he did not turn up. Business, I suppose. But he will see the results in the papers. We need you, Henry." As the car reached the

boathouse a loud cheer was heard "We want Cantwell!" Henry's mind was in a whirl. The words "We want Cantwell!" sounded to him like the cry of his parents calling him home.

Bang! went the gun. Two narrow boats shot down the river. The race was on. Henry was stroking the Notre Dame crew. But the cox looking at Cantwell sensed danger. Henry wore a pale and troubled face and he was breathing hard. "Pull, pull," yelled the cox. So far the two boats were keeping an equal space but suddenly the "Speedy" the Notre Dame boat shot ahead. Henry's mind was still in a nervous frame. The thought of his father grew stronger. He could not pull any harder. "The last lap, Henry," cried the cox. "Pull for all you are worth." The boat came closer. Cold beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. If his father should die. Splash! The "Speedy" rocked for a moment. And in that one moment the rival crew passed the "Speedy". Henry Cantwell the stroke had caught a crab. "You quitter," hissed the cox.

Father! I don't think I can face the old school again," said Henry. "Never mind, son," replied Mr. Cantwell, a week before the September term. "If you stay away you make yourself a quitter. Go my son and if nobody believes you I at least will."

And so Henry Cantwell returned to college in September determined to face the shame and to prove that he was not yellow. But now he lacked the friendship of his many friends. Only George seemed really to feel for him.

And then came the football season. Henry was selected as a substitute.

But he never had a chance to play. Yet he did not lose courage. He turned out for practice without fail.

"George will you please send these suits to the dry cleaner's?" asked Henry. "All right. Hope you will have a chance to play today. Your father is coming for the big game, isn't he?" "Sure George, and I am going to plead for a chance until I get it. I'll prove to them that I am not yellow."

It was the last quarter. Henry Cantwell was still sitting out. And Notre Dame was losing. "My God, give me a chance to show them." The whistle blew. Henson the quarterback was hurt. The coach came towards Cantwell. "You are the only one left, Cantwell. Here is your chance. I hope you will make the best of it." Henry breathed a prayer of thanks. And his father was looking on too. His mind was cleared now. He ignored the cries "The quitter!" "Take him out."

Henry listened to the signs. The whistle blew. The ball came sailing right into his steady hands. He held it, and sped down the field. He gained thirty yards. Again the ball was passed to him. But he was being blocked. He had to act fast. The 25 yds. line was in sight. He dodged the first tackler. Henry Cantwell still possessed his old time grit. He was on the 25 yds. line. He was soon to be downed. Why not try for the 25 yds. drop kick. Just as he ran over the line he kicked the pigskin safely over the crossbar.

It was at the dinner that night that George Wentworth in behalf of the student body apologized to Henry Cantwell for their unmanly conduct. George received from the dry cleaner's the telegram which was found in one of Henry's suits, and which cleared the cause of the defeat in the regatta.

And once again Henry Cantwell was looked upon as the most popular collegian.

A Third Man Was Present

A. Neary '28

"YAMAMOTO, - this bottle, - I found in your desk, you are poisoning me, why?"

It was Uji Gombe who addressed his younger brother thus, holding a bottle, as he faced him in their luxurious sitting-room. Their parents were wealthy and all their fellow students in the University of Soshie were jealous of their modern American-style home. The deep soft sofas, the low magnificent chairs, the many rich green-colored curtains hanging from screens of ornamental metal-work, the green designed car-

pets, the green colored lampshade, with green light, all these gave a sinister appearance to the room. Uji's age was about twenty-five; his face needed a shave. He was an athlete and dressed in the uniform of a Japanese student.

Taking out two sheets of paper from his pocket, he continued:—

"The certificate of Dr. Takura, showing the presence of ten grains of arsine. The other, the evidence of Kobe, the chemist, who sold it."

Yamamoto's face showed horror. It was terrible to look at.

"Well?" the former asked.

No answer. Just then Uji noticed the edge of a letter, which protruded from under the table-cloth where his brother had hastily put it. The latter tried to regain it, but Uji held him off with one hand while his eyes glanced over it.

"Teruko!" he gasped. "So it was Teruko—Teruko—my girl!"

Teruko, his own girl, it was incredible—but here he had the evidence, a letter from Teruko to his brother, yes to Yamamoto, declaring her love to him. But Teruko, no doubt, as shown by the letter, had no idea of getting rid of him, it was his brother's idea!

Yamamoto had now found courage. He had nothing now to conceal. His face set hard and firm, his eyes were deadly as daggers.

"Yes," he said, "it is from her."

Uji rose slowly, meditated, and then, again he faced brother.

"She shall choose between us, brother." He was calm and determined. "She loves you, keep her, I will not intervene. I was a fool to think she preferred me. Boys are fools, they make conclusions too soon, besides we're still in college, and to go around with girls is forbidden."

"You'll quit her?" Yamamoto asked.

"Yes," was the other's simple, determined reply.

Just then a slight tap at the door was heard, and a well-dressed kimono-clad maid entered, in silence. On the tray she brought, was a card which she handed to Master Yamamoto.

"Miss Teruko Kimura. Tell her I'm not in."

Before these words were uttered by this reckless untamed, unchecked, and clever student, Uji sprang to his feet.

"Stop! Tell her to come in this instant, and that she is most welcome."

Two minutes passed, then a handsome, and charming Japanese lady was ushered into the room. She came forward, smiling, and bowed to the two men. Their attitude struck her, and she inquiringly glanced from one to the other.

"Dō-shimashita?" broke the silence.

Uji advanced towards her, and said, :

"I've heard everything from my brother, he made a clean confession, and yet, I bear no ill-will because you too were once my friend."

Teruko was astonished, her mouth a big O, she looked inquiringly into Yamamoto's brown eyes. He, in response, nodded and shrugged his square shoulders. His brother smiled, but not a smile of joy.

Uji again addressed her, thus;—
"We have had an understanding, a frank talk." Then he faced his brother:—"See, Yamamoto, here's the bottle. You were always a sportsman, so was I and always will be. You are my brother, and I have loved you. One of us must drink of it and thus clear the situation."
"Teruko-san, who shall it be?"

All the while, a third man was present in this room, and at a word could have dominated this scene. The three had hardly time to notice him, so absorbed were they in the crisis of their life's drama. And yet, he was always there, concealed from view. Intently he watched every movement, every gesture, of the drama. He must intervene! Now was the moment! But little thought of this did the three persons have.

"Are you game, Yamamoto?"

The one addressed, seriously nodded.

"Stop! I have something to say, and because of that I

have come," exclaimed Teruko. I came to ask your pardon. I have talked it over with my mother. It is foolish for young people to be infatuated with one another. It is not right."

The bottle was now uncorked. Neither heard her. From a little table Uji took a box of cigarettes and from it took out two. He shortened one. One of the two, he held in his right hand, the other, in his left.

"Now, if you point to the hand containing the long one, you drink of the bottle, and if vice versa, I drink the poison."

"Stop!"

Yamamoto approached Uji. Their eyes met. The former pointed a

finger at his brother's left hand. A cigarette was about to be revealed. The girl horrified, screamed, her protests could not be heard, what could she do?

Then and only then, the stranger rose, pale and grave. Now, and only now, all three took notice and faced him inquiringly. He looked at them angrily and sadly.

"How was it?" they asked together.

"No good," said Prof. Murata. "No good. You young fellow,—you don't act like a girl at all, put yourself in Teruko's place. You're too clumsy! We'll have to take the whole scene again tomorrow. Practice more, practice."



— THE "COLORS" —



John W. Burke

THE level rays of the sun had hardly dispersed the darkness from good old Yokohama one bright morning well nigh seventeen years ago, when John Burke was ushered into this world of trials. The elusive shadow of childhood flitted past, and our hero found himself at the foot of the ladder under the smiling tutorship of Mr. Higli where he manifested great diligence and interest in his studies and his natural abilities easily placed him at the top of the class. Ten years of school life, one vast sunny day for John, followed, and now he, like a weary traveller pauses for an instant, before he departs on the next stage of his promising career.

It is well known among his school mates that he scrupulously adheres to his self-made policy "take life easy" but let not this mar

the character of this frank and jovial graduate who will prove to be the kindest of souls imaginable once you come to receive his sympathy. Perhaps it would not be out of place to hint here that mathematics does not appeal to him, but he is well up to the standard in the literary line.

As to sports, that's where "Husky John" as he is otherwise known, figures. He is both the captain and the steady halfback of our football team in which position he does ample justice to the above cognomen. Many of its many victories may be attributed to his splendid leadership. Besides this, John is the guard of our far-famed S. J. C. basketball quintet, and is always an unsurmountable obstacle to the attacks of the rival team.

It would merely be a matter of conjecture to forecast his future profession, but whatever it may be, he certainly has the best wishes of his comrades. We cannot but conclude by saying that John Burke is frank, unselfish, and an ideal friend to any one who needs a beaming smile and a helping hand over the difficulties and hardships of life.





Alexander H. Neary '28

THIS world is pregnant with sadness and melancholy. But nevertheless, take heart, as Alex's jocular and cheerful disposition will sweeten not a little the bitter cup of sorrows, and act as a powerful beacon to dispel the sombre gloom.

Nine years ago, a tot of a child stood for the first time within the precincts of the College campus, to take upon his plucky shoulders the duties of a scholar. Under the careful ministrations of the fatherly Mr. Higli, Alex's mathematical bent revealed itself with marked prominence. In short, the young mathematician was Alexander Neary. From year to year, he cleared the promotion mark, with wonted excellence, till he now stands upon the threshold of graduation.

In his senior year, he has again emphasized his special liking for mathematics, though he excelled in all the other branches. On one occasion he has demonstrated to the whole class a new method of proving a certain formula in trigonometry, and which was henceforth frequently termed Neary's method, or more scientifically the "Nearian Theory."

We have so far, spoken only of his scholarly achievements. A month ago, Alex filled us with rare surprise, when he appeared on the stage, in the important role of "Briquet" the "sot" servant in "Le Oscar," and performed his part in grand style. His favorite sport is tennis. Rest assured that every fine Saturday and Sunday afternoon you may see him on the court playing, returning his opponent's ball with marked agility and swiftness that he often baffles his rival.

On the "Forward" staff his jovial nature has enabled him to be elected to the popular position of Joke Editor, accompanied by the hearty and unanimous approval of the whole senior class. As to the Sodality, he was proclaimed Vice-president.

On the whole, Alex is a truly trustworthy and amiable companion, the world is the better for his coming, brighter and more inviting. Let us wish him the very best of success in the scientific enterprise he has chosen, for which he is going to Dayton, Ohio, to pursue his studies.



Matthew C. C. Lum '28

IT was early in the spring of 1927 that this class received a distinguished addition in the person of Chung Chuen Lum. Born in Canton where he passed the blissful days of childhood, Lum became a resident of the Land of the Rising Sun a couple of years ago, and is now on the point of successfully completing his studies under the maternal care of the College.

In studies he shows a remarkable versatility in overcoming the intricacies of the Latin tongue and often to the utter discomfiture of his despairing classmates recites off a complicated declension with polished ease. Besides this, our friend is perfectly at home in a problem or formula either in Trigonometry or Geometry into which realms few can keep apace with him.

As far as we know, he has not partaken of any noteworthy event in sports, but now and then with a few choice friends he spends the day in the quiet of the country-side far from the noise and bustle of the city.

Lum's never-failing sign of appreciation is a hearty slap on the back. He undoubtedly belongs to the thoughtful class of people living up to the words: "Speech is silver, but silence is gold" and when he wrinkles up his brows and gazes pensively at nothing in particular, we know for certain that he is preparing for a determined attack on some most formidable problem in mathematics.

It was only recently revealed that Lum's ambition is to be a mineralogist. If we could but see a score of years hence, perhaps we would find him the successful discoverer of the new element lumium or fabulously rich alluvial deposits of some precious metal hidden away in his native land or else he may invent an economical means of extracting aluminium from ordinary clay, and the name of C. C. Lum will be inscribed in the roll of deathless fame.

"The greatest results in life," says Smiles, "are usually attained by simple means and the exercise of ordinary qualities," and since Lum, to sum up, is serious, punctual, diligent, and studious, and always eager to apply his abilities to the needs of his companions, will not Fortune smile on him and finally reward him with the attainment of success?



Charles M. Mahlmann '28

OUR "Charlie" entered St. Joseph College in the spring of 1920, and, entering the third class, began his studies under the conscientious care of Mr. Sandrock. His aptitude for studies manifested itself strongly before long, and he showed himself to be an able scholar along all lines. This spirit has grown as years went by, and now, as a graduate, it thrives within him as befits a young man who has accomplished with honors his scholastic career.

He has a strong liking for the mathematical sciences, and trigonometry seems to run hand in hand with him. Mechanical drawing also seems to claim his attention, for he handles his instruments with a deftness that well befits an expert along this line. Again, when you happen to stroll casually about the house anywhere

near the typing room, and you hear a machine being run at an uproarious pace, you may be pretty sure that it is Charlie hammering out mercilessly an overtime job for somebody or other.

For athletics, however, our graduate has little or no interest, and he does not shine brightly on the sports field. On the contrary, he believes in raising the level of his studies to a higher degree. An easy but sure way to get him disgusted is to ask him out in the playground for a lark during recreation, when he is sure to be patiently working at his mechanical drawing.

As Editor-in-chief of the Forward magazine, Charlie holds a dignified position. He is also secretary of the College Sodality and is the prince of popularity among his classmates and others, despite his occasional quick temper, which is one of his few slight defects. Having a sensitive temperament, circumstances that may seem trivial to others are felt keenly by him, both sad and joyful. At heart he is a gem, and whenever one is looking for a word of sympathy or for a friend to whom he can confide his troubles, he is always ready to lighten the other's misfortune by some encouraging words or advice.

Having the intention to continue his studies along engineering lines, he is going to Dayton this summer. With his persevering character, we are all sure that he will merit for himself the success and the honors he so well deserves.



Joseph R. da Silva '28

IT must have been a merry joyous sun that cast its rays upon this earth when our "Joe" became a noisy member of the race judging from his jovial fun-loving disposition, and I presume he must have misbehaved rather abominably in his cradle, hopping and jumping around unless he was securely tucked in.

Thus the hand of time passed rapidly over his infancy, and presently he was landed with a push and a hustle on the first rung of his academic ladder within the genial protection of Mr. Higli. An hour had barely passed before he had established for himself the high estimation which has withstood all shock throughout the years, by his warm and universal sociability. He has a smile ready for every comer, friend or foe, and he will sacrifice much and will go far out of his way to accommodate a chum. Then too, Joe has eyes apparently only for the good things of this life, and this un-



— THE ADOLESCENT CHRIST —

"Jesus advanced in wisdom, and age, and grace with God and men."
(Luke 11-52)



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doubtedly comes from his following the soothing lines in 'The Rainy Day': "Behind the clouds is the sun still shining," and Stevenson's: "Two men looked out thru their prison bars, one saw mud, the other stars."

Penetrating deeper into his character we discover that whenever the literature class is in full swing, he too, is keeping perfect time, for he is a hardened scholar, and a Classics enthusiast. In reward of his diligence, capital wisdom has made him carry off the honors in this field, leaving only flying colors and envious competitors in his wake. He holds the position of Alumni Editor of the Forward magazine and is the president of the B.V.M. Sodality.

A strong foothold in the sporting world has Joe, for he is a brilliant right wing, often being for us the means of a hard-earned victory, and besides this on any free day if the weather permit and no obstacle be in the way, he will surely be found with tennis racket in hand, and making his opponents sweat for the laurels they mean to dispute with him.

As to punctuality, Joe is the very essence of it, for right on the spot of 8:25 a.m. just five minutes before the school bell clangs, our Joe pokes in his cheerful face, all calm and serene, into the classroom, and gives the signal for us all to troop to class by a hearty "Good Morning," and when he begins to get restless in class, we know accurately that the end of the hour is nigh, for his feelings register correctly to the minute.

Winding up, Joe is a jewel occurring one out of a hundred. His future career has as yet not been definitely planned, but whatever his ambitions might be, we all convey to him our heartiest good wishes for dazzling success.



S. John Hlutatu '28

OUR friend entered Mr. Higli's class in the fall of 1918, and from the very beginning of his school life at St. Joseph College, it was manifest that he had in himself the do-or-die spirit of perseverance and success. This spirit showed itself more clearly as years went by and now that he has reached the highest rung of his college career this spirit has accompanied him also.

In studies, he excels along all lines but for Trigonometry he seems to have a marked ability, for, whenever there is a problem that is a puzzle to the whole class, he is sure to come to school the next morning with the answer accurately worked out and calmly explains the multitude of intricacies to the wonder and astonishment of his classmates.

He is also a skilled bookkeeper, having acquired this under Mr. Antoni's careful training; at mechanical drawing he is quite

handy; and a peculiarity of his, is that active references for the Latin hour flow like living waters from his quick and active mind.

Never has our graduate come late to class as far as I can remember, which brings out clearly his general exactitude. Again, it seems apparent that he holds his books in higher estimation that he does the football.

He holds the distinguished position of Librarian of the senior and junior library, and also that of French Editor of the Forward magazine, and the manner in which he fills this office can be well seen from his articles in the different issues of the Forward.

As his studies specialize along several branches his future is yet obscure. Some believe that his thoughts are directed along commercial lines, while others think he is bent on mechanical science. It is here that I may apply the lines:

Where will he stand in days to come?
 Will all his dreams come true?
 But time that old and silent sage,
 Still hides her grand review
 And will he raise his wistful gaze
 With mingled hopes and fears,
 To see the smiles that wreath his way,
 And if perchance, its tears?

Nevertheless, whatever be his ideals for the future, we all wish him the best of success, that he may win for himself that fame which he so well deserves



Paul H. Fehlen '28

ONE fine Sunday morning in August, some sixteen years ago,

Paul Fehlen took a fancy to this world of ours, and finding it to his liking decided to stay. We do not know much about him, until he joined the German School in this city at the tottering age of three. After a brief stay there, he made his appearance at the S. J. C. and started the climb from the very bottom, under the guidance of Mr. High. At once he showed himself a very brilliant and persevering scholar, and always kept among the leaders. He possesses a particularly big bump for mechanical drawing, and it is marvellous to watch him deftly drawing complicated lines and curves.

In sports our hero is equally up to the mark. He holds an enviable position in the football team as left wing besides being a member of the basketball quintet. On some sunny day you can feast your eyes on a fleeting form dribbling the pigskin in a stellar fashion, and it turns out to be our hero. In basketball he is a speedy and dangerous player. Whenever he gets going the opponents have a gloomy outlook.

In everyday life Fehlen is a happy sociable chap, swinging around with a contented smile hovering on his face. He is an early bird and claims the record of never having been late for the past few years. In fact he brightens the atmosphere of the classroom half an hour before the time for study. He is quite friendly with the typewriter, and one can always see him after school, pounding away, at a dizzy speed. Among his fellow-schoolboys he is widely known as Polly. This name, I am certain, was appended to him because of his unrivalled ability for talking. But when he is in a killing mood, and some insignificant dares to approach him with this cognomen, he stops all opposition with a flaring look. His motto is "Work, then pleasure," and he sure lives up to it. As to his future, it is vague, but somehow it leaked out that he had the ambitions of becoming a book-keeper. One can imagine him at his desk, walled in by columns of books and ledgers. But whatever he chooses to take up, we all wish him to be successful as he is now in school.



James J. Henry '28

JAMES, or Jimmy as he is more commonly called, is a jovial and high-spirited youth of eighteen years. Born in good old Yokohama on a crisp, clear morning in fall, he spent most of his childhood days here. Being an earnest, hard worker, he was permitted to join the second grade, after about a month's study in the first. A year only had past when he left to visit Shanghai. After two years he returned as a real Shanghai-ite, and resumed his studies where he had left them.

As a scholar, he shines in the mathematical and scientific classes, and finds acute enjoyment in giving his own ideas about the different questions that arise.

On the campus, Jimmy is a real "Spartan Figure." He has a particular liking for swimming, running, and basketball although he is good at the others too. Since childhood he spent his summer vacations at sea. He captured third place in the last Kanagawa-Ken Swimming Championship, and was permitted to enter in the Meiji Jingu race. On the track he is a shining spotlight for he is the proud possessor of the mile record. Again he shows himself to be an all round athlete for he has belonged to the S.J.C. first basketball quintet for the last three years, and has exhibited himself to be a true "forward."

He has distinguished himself also as "un vrai acteur" in the "Ruby Ring" and the "Black Arrow."

By his snappy cartoon contributions he has given his whole and hearty support to the Forward. As assistant business manager of the Forward, he has amply displayed and often learned various tricks of business.

Whenever we hear his joyful harmonica it is a sure sign that he is in a lively and happy mood, and at other times he pours forth his inward sentiments by playing some sad melodious tune.

When he falls into a sullen mood, he shows his humour to others by saying: "Oh, shut up"; but when he performs what he thinks to be a heroic act, he brags with loudest exclamation "Look at that, Boy! How do you like that?"

As to his future we think he will belong to the "whitecollar brigade" sitting beside a mahogany desk, with pen in hand and a few ledgers by his side.

Whatever he may choose we wish him great success.



Clifford Herbert Price '28

IT was a welcoming world that greeted the advent of a happy-go-lucky kiddo on Jan. 6th 1912. We do not know very much as regards the days of his infancy, but we can fairly well guess that they must have passed mischievously, till he joined our class of '28 at the tender age of seven.

We have been left in ignorance of the history and origin of his popular name, "Pochi" but as to nicknames they are too numerous to be counted on the fingers.

Pochi may be easily recognized from the rest of his classmates by his easy "come-what-may" manner, and it is a well-known fact to both teachers and boys, that Pochi has optimistic, easy-going habits, yet he is the efficient Business Manager of the Forward Magazine.

At studies, Price shines in English Literature, and the Natural Sciences, for he often dumb-founds his classmates with his deep and wordy compositions, and as for Chemistry and Physics, well, they are his pet branches, from which we may draw our conclusions.

Clifford has also, a slight leaning to dramatics, which he has exhibited from his babyhood days for in 1922 he played the leading role in the "Fairy" and now, he is playing a lead in the French play, "Le Docteur Oscar."

In the line of music, Herbert has not taken up any definite studies, but singing is decidedly to his taste, and whenever there is a musical concert and leisure at the same, we will be sure to spot him listening intently.

As to the lighter side of his nature, Price is not only a brilliant soccer player, but is also a good runner, and an all-round athlete, but field events claim most of his exertions. In brief, he is an active member of most sports, including basketball, for he has been on the S.J.C. representative quintet for the last two years.

Yet, with all these revelations, Clifford is practically a closed book to us, for we cannot fathom his deeper nature at all, but we are fairly certain at least on his future. His ambition is to become a full-fledged scientist, for which end, he is going to Dayton, Ohio, to continue his studies.

We will be waiting for the day, when he will return to us, proudly flourishing his sheepskin, penned: "Bachelor of Science, Ch. E." and we sincerely wish him that it will be ornamented with a glorious "Summa Cum Laude."



Nicholas Skaredoff '28

SOME twenty years ago, in far off Petrograd, in the year 1909, Nicholas first saw the light of day. There, in his home town he spent the first seven years of his life, but, at the termination of this period, it was found that he was destined to become a scholar. But if it was his ambition to enter school in this city all his hopes were sorely shattered by the Russian Revolution of 1917. During the two years following this national upheaval, he, together with his whole family, was obliged to travel through frigid Siberia to the city of Vladivostok in the extreme East of the Asian mainland, and in this city it was that he finished the first five years of his preparatory education. But unfortunately this city was found to be adverse to the health of his parents, and consequently he removed his residence

to Harbin, where he again settled temporarily, and finally succeeded in graduating from an American directed school.

But again, certain conditions forced him to come to Japan, and it was in the latter part of 1927 that he first entered St. Joseph College for the purpose of learning English, which is so universal and so important a language.

For studies, he is far advanced, especially along mathematical lines, and, during the one year he has stayed and graduated with the class of '28, his English has improved considerably. His future ambition is to become a mechanical engineer along aeronautical lines, and, with his present knowledge, it is our mutual opinion that this is the best choice that he could make.

Regarding his deeper character, we cannot say much, as he has been with us only for a short time, and, owing to his being handicapped by the language used here at College, he cannot mingle with the boys in such a way as if he were in possession of the tongue. However, we can say that he is kind, genial, and is always ready to assist another if he happens to be in trouble in any way. We are sure that this disposition, which is found in so few, will purchase for him that realization in full of the course which he is going to follow.



John R. Walker '28

BORN in 1911 and still going strong, Johnny Walker joined this local seat of learning and started diligently upon his brilliant career from Mr. Higli's class. As the years rolled on, many striking features of this '28 graduate came to light. Walker distinguishes himself especially in literature and in mathematics geometry is his favourite. But whatever subject he delves into he always swings among the leaders.

The awful catastrophe of 1923 left a blank space in his life, carrying away his father in its merciless toll. We find him a sensitive youth on whom every word leaves a deep and ineffaceable impression. To the casual observer Johnny may seem a too serious, ardent book-worm but to us he is in everyday life a philosopher who often looks on the comical side of life, and who, after he has

imbibed the general topics of conversation will wind up with a humorous saying or crack a joke

During the summer vacations he takes a special delight in climbing the fair hills of his native town Kobe, with his brother and some friends to spend a few days in the invigorating mountain air and escape from the sweltering heat of the city, and many have been his experiences both pleasant and unpleasant upon the lofty heights of the Rokko range.

Johnny is a keen football enthusiast but due to unavoidable circumstances he could not continue his practice for the team. Although he is a rather nervous fellow, Walker has a heart of gold and if any unfortunate student could not puzzle out his mathematical problems, Johnny would willingly aid him to get the answer exact to the third decimal.

Chemical experiments constitute his favourite hobby at home. This leads us to suppose that he will meet success along the line of this new science where dauntless pioneers have blazed a trail for the persevering to follow.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!" apparently is his motto when out of his jocular mood. Walker is a hard-working youth in the real sense of the word and no one can remember him having negligently done his work or having arrived late at school.

Still sounding deeper into his personality we find him to be the possessor of that virtue which many students fail to acquire, the virtue of persistency. This rare and noble trait of his was strikingly revealed to us when he set out to look for advertizers. The result for the first year was next to nil but in the second year he again set forth and boosted up the advertizing space by collecting a surprising number of ads. Persistency is a great virtue and since it is the patient plodders who carry off life's prizes, as Mark Hopkins once said, we may rest assured that his future is truly a bright one.

FRANÇAIS

La Distillation des Plantes et des Fleurs

P. Savary

C'est à Grasse que se trouve le principal centre de fabrication de la parfumerie et des huiles essentielles, et c'est de là que partent presque toutes les essences parfumées ou aromatiques consommées par le monde entier.

L'extraction des essences de fleurs ou de plantes peut se faire de différentes manières, par les corps gras, graisse ou huile, par la distillation, et par l'éther de pétrole.

Le premier procédé, le plus ancien par ordre de date, était employé par les peuples de l'antiquité. Dans ce cas, les fleurs, suivant le genre à traiter, sont soit mises en contact, soit immergées dans la graisse ou l'huile. Ce travail appelé enflourage donne comme produit une graisse parfumée. Celle-ci est lavée dans l'alcool à 95 degrés, au moyen de machines appelées batteuses. L'alcool s'empare du parfum, et la graisse redevient inodore. Cet alcool parfumé nommé lavage est tantôt employé comme base de parfum et tantôt évaporé à basse température et au moyen du vide, pour devenir une matière circeuse très parfumée, appelée essence concrète, matière soluble dans l'alcool.

Le deuxième procédé, la distillation proprement dite, est employé pour extraire les parfums des plantes, des herbes et des racines. Le produit principal en est l'essence, but de la distillation, mais on a en même temps

l'eau parfumée, très employée, comme par exemple, l'eau de rose et l'eau de fleurs d'oranger.

Mais de tous les procédés le plus moderne est celui de l'éther de pétrole. Les fleurs sont macérées dans l'éther de pétrole porté à ébullition. Le produit ainsi obtenu est de l'éther de pétrole parfumé, mais inutilisable tel quel. Cet éther est évaporé à basse température et dans le vide. On obtient alors une essence solide très parfumée et semblable à de la cire d'abeille.

Cette essence solide est lavée dans l'alcool à 95 degrés et le résultat en est une essence liquide très odorante, et un résidu de cire inodore.

L'essence liquide parfumée est alors évaporée dans le vide et toujours à basse température, et l'on obtient alors l'essence absolue, matière liquide et visqueuse, extrêmement odorante, puisqu'elle est l'essence même de la fleur ou de la plante, essence débarrassée de tous les produits accessoires. Elle est soluble dans l'alcool.

Ce dernier procédé permet de traiter toutes les plantes et d'en extraire non seulement la totalité des parfums mais encore les cires et les résines naturelles, tandis que les deux autres procédés donnent des résultats à rendements inférieurs.

Ce serait une erreur de croire que les essences de plantes sont employées exclusivement en parfumerie et en

savonnerie, la pharmacie et la droguerie en consomment des quantités importantes.

Toutes ces manières de distiller les fleurs ne représentent que le travail

de fabrication de la matière première, car les essences sont ensuite mélangées et combinées dans certaines proportions, secret des parfumeurs et des savonniers.

Ishikawa Goemon

John Mutow '28

Dans la vieille ville sainte de Kyoto vivait, il y a deux cent cinquante ans, le célèbre brigand Ishikawa Goemon. Son lieu de refuge était Rajo-mon et peu de gens osaient s'aventurer dans cette direction après le coucher du soleil. Mais ce terrible Goemon n'était pas un brigand ordinaire. Jamais il ne dépouilla les autres pour s'enrichir lui-même. Tous les pauvres et les miséreux de Kyoto avaient en lui un ami et un protecteur. Il savait venir en aide à tous ceux qui étaient dans le besoin. Son plus grand plaisir était de dépouiller les riches pour venir en aide aux pauvres privés des biens de ce monde. Cependant les choses ne pouvaient durer ainsi éternellement sous le nez même de la Cour impériale et une dernière aventure allait provoquer le dénouement.

Un jour un grand seigneur fut soulagé d'une forte somme d'argent, et le volé ne tarda pas à demander justice à l'empereur. Il accusa Goemon d'être coupable de ce vol.

Immédiatement le souverain ordonna l'arrestation du coupable et deux ou trois jours après une forte troupe de soldats vint entourer la place où Goemon logeait. Mais à peine les villageois eurent-ils appris la nouvelle qu'ils s'armèrent de piques et de bâtons pour venir en aide à leur bienfaiteur. Une lutte terrible s'engagea dans le Rajo-mon, lutte inégale entre les soldats et une bande de paysans. Ces derniers sont bien vite massacrés. Mais le terrible Goemon et sa bonne épée s'entendent à merveille et plus de vingt guerriers sont abattus par le brigand tandis que trente autres l'assiègent et réussissent enfin à le prendre.

Comme l'exécuteur refusa de souiller son sabre avec le sang d'un misérable voleur, Goemon fut bouilli dans un immense chaudron. Ainsi périt un homme généreux mais mal éclairé. Sa mémoire n'a pas péri, car encore aujourd'hui, on appelle bain Goemon, un bain chaud pris dans une grande cuve de fer.

Isaac Newton

L. Galstaun '29

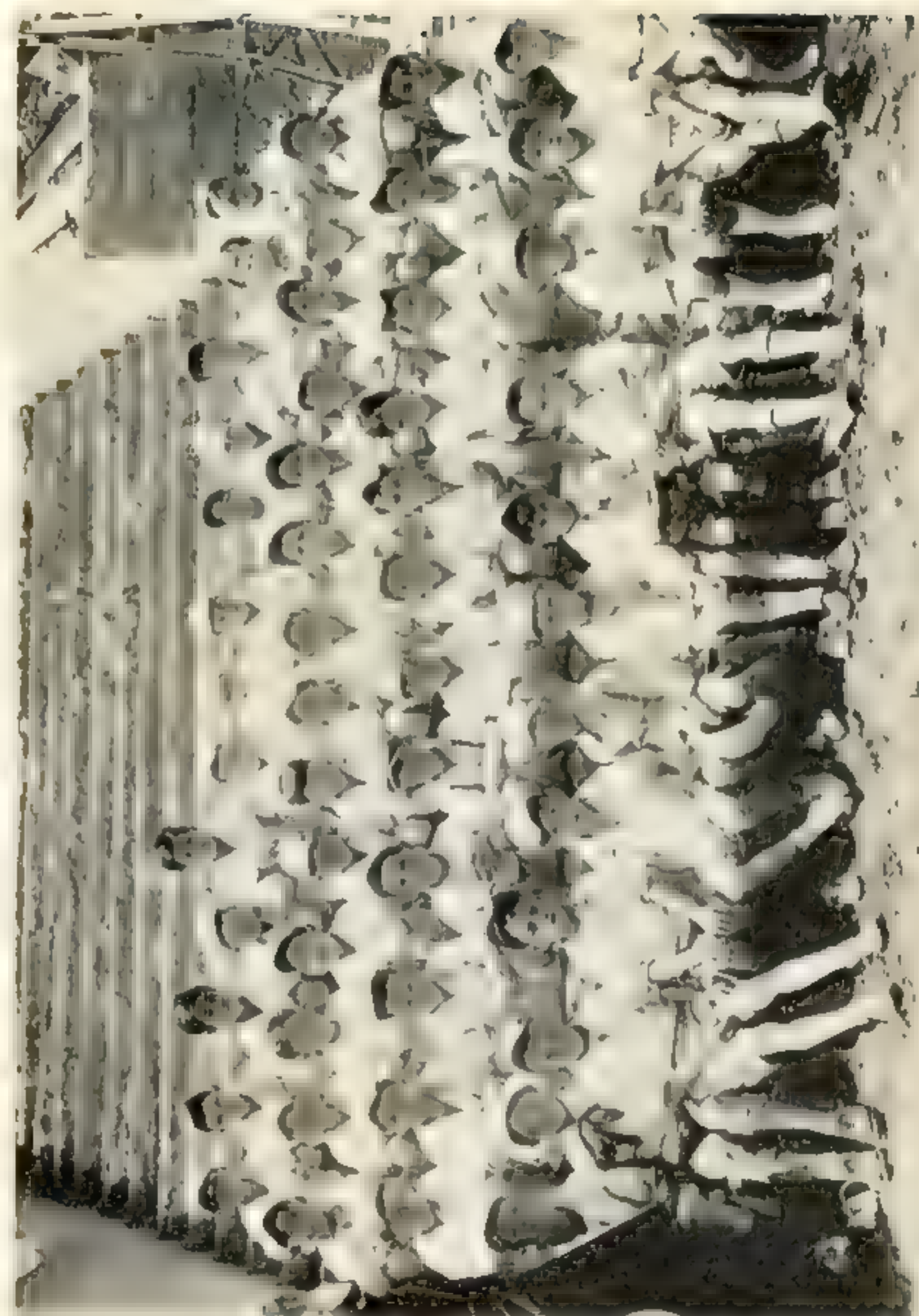
Une veuve vivant dans un faubourg de Londres reçut la visite d'un membre de la "Royal Society." Elle lui raconta entre autres choses les manières drôles d'un voisin fort extravagant. Ce voisin, un vieillard, passait toute la journée à faire des bulles de savon. Ceci intrigua le visiteur et sur son désir de faire connaissance avec ce voisin, la veuve le lui montra. Quand le gentilhomme vit ce vieillard il faillit défaillir de surprise car il avait devant lui le célèbre, l'immortel Newton, qui après une vie d'études et de découvertes, était maintenant en train d'étudier la lumière et sa réfraction. Le grand Newton, comme tous les pionniers de la science n'avait pas de laboratoire proprement dit à son service. Avec un simple prisme et une chambre noire, il avait découvert la composition de la lumière blanche, et quelques feuilles de papier et un encrier lui avaient suffi pour composer ses gigantesques formules mathématiques.

Newton resta pauvre toute sa vie mais son génie n'eut pas de bornes. Dans son humble village il fait une horloge dont la force motrice est

l'eau. Puis il mesure le temps par l'observation des étoiles. Enfin il fabrique un cadran solaire, cadran qui devint le chronomètre du village. Cependant le jeune homme ne veut pas devenir un petit marchand ambulancier, mais il songe à faire des études et dans ce but il se rend à Cambridge. Mais au bout de quelque temps tous les étudiants sont obligés de se disperser à cause de la peste qui sévit en Europe. Rentré chez lui, il découvre la loi de la gravité en voyant une pomme tomber d'un arbre. Cette loi expliqua bien des points restés obscurs aux astronomes de son temps.

Mais Newton n'est pas seulement un savant; il est aussi un patriote. Chargé de la monnaie il réussit à faire sortir son pays d'un grand embarras financier. Alors qu'avant lui fabriquer quinze mille livres par semaine semblait un travail surhumain, sous sa direction on en fabriquait aisément cent vingt mille.

Newton malgré tous ces succès demeura simple et modeste, ne s'occupant que des progrès de la science en général.



OUR YOUNG "HOPEFULS"

EDITORIAL

THE VALUE OF A SCHOOL MAGAZINE

Clifford H. Price '28



HAVE you ever read the Forward?

If you have, has it left a favorable impression? Or has it left you indifferent or with an aftertaste of bile?

The school magazine, though quarterly, is really a more serious thing than at first appears. After long familiarity with its seven years of life one can safely say that it answers fully the question of what the College does and thinks. It shows in print, before the public eye, that the young mind is being trained to think rationally and to express its thoughts and aspirations. And that in itself is something worthy of consideration. For, can its editorial staff give a better account of itself than its dispensation of trained and ordered thought?

Note, that I say trained and ordered thought. The riddle of life is not solved by the mere fact of thinking, but by *how* one thinks. The vital problem of education is not answered by merely stating the fact that the college gives a training to think and to express thought. But, what is back of that training? What type of thoughts are being instilled? Are they wholesome, purposeful and constructive thought? Is the training adding to the betterment of the individual and to the sum-total of human knowledge? Are the thoughts in line with the one main factor, which in the end means the uplifting of the human race, thru society, in its units and bonds—an intelligently, solidly established home life; thought-

ful, honest, justice in public life, and the professions?

An amazingly affirmative answer to these queries is revealed by the best issues of the Forward in its past history. If now, these publications were made up of the premier literary attempts of students, then, they would be at the most of only slight value, for they would be the production of just a literary group. But the Forward is more than literary, tho it may here and there be less literary than many of its contemporaries, it is made up of contributions of varying character. It is not solely the labors of a brilliant student specializing in English—all the students contribute. They are all endeavoring to present to the public mind the art of thinking and expressing wholesome thought, the first principle of intelligent society.

But to present thoughts concisely and saliently, they must be literary, and thus the Forward strives after a literary standard. Thereby, the students are trained to observe life, to sketch character clearly and convincingly.

Such training as this produces leaders, fit and capable of safeguarding national life and the future bulwark of the nation. This system shields youth, both in soul, body and mind. The soul primarily, then, body and mind.

When the school magazine is viewed in this light, it presents a real and pressing solution to an educational problem.

The Procession

STAND at any city street corner in the early morning and watch the procession.

It is composed of thousands and thousands, all moving in one direction, from youth to age.

In it are those with whom you will have to compete who may snatch from your hands the prize you mean to gain.

In it are also those you will surpass, for I know you are of more than the average intelligence.

To those who have real ambition and any capacity for effort, it is heartening sometimes to watch the crowd.

So many of them, as you can see, are going to work because work is



necessary to keep body and soul together.

They have as much interest in it as have cattle moving along before a drover.

It is something to be done, that it may be ended, and that is all.

Only one in twenty seems to be alert and interested, either in his own thoughts or his surroundings.

Look at this procession as often as you can and remember that you are moving along with it.

Your place may be far towards the rear to-day.

When you try to move up you will meet with resistance, but most of it will be listless, and will soon crumble before your determination.

If you are to justify the blessing of existence and education, you must be nearer the head of the procession.

IF YOU REALLY TRY, YOU CAN BE!

The Hon. Editor.

Good-will

C. Mahlmann '28

IT is often said that to succeed, determination and persistence are absolutely necessary. But these two—the keys with which to open the doors of fame and the means by which we can enter into the land of

the successful, are linked together by good-will.

This quality, or rather trait of character, so important for the ambitious individual, consists in doing our duty, the requisites of our state

of life as well as possible, not putting off till to-morrow what can be done to-day, and to make the best of an opportunity whenever it presents itself.

We may be able to struggle through our daily work by mere determination or persistence, but then it becomes a bore, a drudge, which we will gradually begin to dislike and finally shun altogether. On the contrary, if goodwill is inserted as a

third factor in the trinity of factors which constitute success, we have a sure foot-hold for the adversities which are sure to face us sooner or later. Having something upon which to depend, and, being sure that goodwill, when once acquired, will never desert us, we may, by the help of these three principles, attain that success which is offered to so many, yet accepted by so few.

Forging Forward

J. da Silva '28

ALL our undertakings in the business world are met with opposition, which must be overcome or it will overcome us. At the present time the greatest opposition to business success is the keen rivalry between ambitious competitors. In an office for instance, there are many men striving for promotion. To be faithful and hard working is good. But is that sufficient? No, for by being merely a plugger we give only help. Help is essential but so far as business is concerned the firm is primarily interested in greater profits. The diligent hard working employer's services will be appreciated but the

man who can make those greater profits is going to win promotion and win it fast. Business is prospered by knowledge and knowledge is acquired by study. If in the business world we fail to resort to our school-day training and call it into diligent requisition then we are slacking in the race for success. One must be persistent, must be hard working but especially warmly interested in the welfare of the business to which he has pledged himself so that in time of competition he can forge ahead on his own merits and on the merits of deeds accomplished.

Right Principles

John Walker '28

PRINCIPLES are life-views which a man is convinced are right and to which he steadfastly adheres in storm or stress, thereby elevating his nobler faculties to a higher plane of life and endowing himself with the jeweled gifts of ideals.

Without principles a man is without character. That is to say, he has set for himself no definite goal, no ideals to strive for, and secluded from the rugged routes that ascend to glorious success he strays down the easy, fatal path on which he cannot but finally perish. As a ship on the seas is helpless without a rudder, so is the vessel of a man's life that is so richly laden with all the largesse which God has bestowed on it, in the turmoil and strife of the world if he possess no character.

On the other hand, the man of principle can battle successfully against instinct, prejudice, feeling, passion and impulse; he does not change his course when buffeted by the headwinds of difficulty and discouragement; his personality comes out all the more with his dogged steadiness of purpose, and inspires everybody

with a feeling of assurance in all that he undertakes; as a business man he is respected, trusted and loved by all.

Great conquerors with their vast hordes of pillaging armies have made men tremble at the mere mention of their names and caused the earth to groan under the weight of the dying and dead; but where are they today? Gone, gone like a troubled dream, and their power:

"Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October

Seize them and whirl them aloft and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean."

Why is this? Because they were blinded by ambition, by unquenchable thirst for power, or by pride and greed: in short, they followed wrong principles. As Socrates says: "More valiant is he who conquers himself than he who conquers the most strongly fortified city." Thus the value of good principles can hardly be overrated, and we must set before us those certain conceptions, the truth and the value of which we are really convinced, and strive to act according to them in each and every instance.

Brotherly Love

Alexander Neary '28

If you can help a brother's eyes
To see beyond the skies;

If you can help a brother's ears
To listen to a song that cheers;

If you can guide a brother's feet
Through dangers, to a safe retreat;

If you can teach a brother's heart

To God alone his love impart;

If you can aid a brother's soul
Along the narrow path—to reach his
goal; Do it!

Then only, may you justly say:

"In worthy manner have I spent this
day."



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JULY, 1928

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Joseph da Silva '28

Fred T. Gillespie is now a full-fledged Electrical Engineer. He received his sheepskin last Christmas in Edinburgh. He hopes to return on a flying visit to Japan and give his old school the look-over. Fred's appearance will certainly bring back vivid reminiscence of the old play "Edward the Confessor," in which he took a leading part. His address is 11 Dudley Crescent, Edinburgh. Fred is anxious to communicate with his former classmates.

George Gregory is honored as being the first graduate of S.J.C. in Yokohama. His enviable position in Bla & Co. shows that the Forward Spirit in S.J.C. prevailed from the very start.

Mr. Buckens has returned to Japan and is now at the Belgian Embassy in Tokyo acting as interpreter. Do not fail to come and see the Greater S.J.C.

Werner Baumann of Shanghai is swifly going west in the commercial field in Meador & Co. He writes and says that the trouble in China is certainly a handicap for peace-loving

men. Hold tight to your present position Werner, and success will surely be yours.

Nicholas Didishko is the manager of the dining car section at the International Sleeping Car Co. (Now boys, Nick will foot the bill for dinner and a fat cigar to boot). We are glad to hear this news, Nick, and hope some day in the near future to hear that you will be able to accomplish your desire of becoming an architect.

I. Agafuroff wrote recently to his former teachers. Thanks for the good words concerning the Forward. We surely feel the more inclined to show our Forward Spirit when an alumnus says a word of cheer. Agi is taking up agricultural machinery in his spare moments besides trying to start the S.J.C. A.V.A. in Harbin. That's jolly nice of you, Agi. Success be yours.

George Russell is high up in the commercial field being the manager of the Zimmern Works in Yokohama. Our many wishes for further success.

Robert Blum of California dropped in, on his way to Kobe, where he is going to spend his summer vacation, to see his old teachers. Luck was with him for he landed in Yokohama just in time to attend the inauguration ceremony of the Dormitory.

Curtis Drinkwater writes from Trinidad where he is now staying

after having travelled quite a bit. Curtis says that he is schoolsick. Well, when you read the Forward we hope you will get rid of your glumness. It is no doubt hard to get acquainted with your new surroundings but once you feel at home there, don't forget your S.J.C. friends.

Alumni Athletic Association

OF

St. Joseph College

Lacking news of any particular interest to report in connection with the Alumni Athletic Association, it may not be out of place to look back in retrospection over the years that have passed since this body was first organized.

It seems strange that more than five years have already elapsed since that time when but a handful of us met in the reception room of the old college building - on April 11th, 1923. The sole purpose at that time was to consider the possibilities of a track meet with one or the other of the Japanese universities, but not only did that idea lead to other more ambitious schemes, but so much enthusiasm was manifest that it was felt the organization of an alumni athletic body could be successfully undertaken.

Things were got under way very shortly and a track meet held against the second team of Keio University, which proved such a success for us that we all felt confident of rapid progress. Then followed swimming meets against the K.R. & A.C. of

Kobe and the Keio University, both of which were won by a close margin. Things looked decidedly bright and the immediate future seemed very hopeful, for little did we dream that, on the morrow of the swimming meet with the Keio boys, all our castles in the air would come tumbling down while old Mother Earth danced a little jig for a couple of minutes.

For some considerable time after the earthquake, half hearted attempts were made to put the club on its feet again, but nothing of any consequence was accomplished until the spring of 1926—March 16th, to be exact. From that time on the association began to take definite shape and thanks to the support from its members and the active work of those who have served on the committee, the club now appears to be a firmly established institution.

A track meet was held in May, 1926, with Keio's second team, our boys losing by but a matter of three points. Basketball turned out to be the outstanding sport for our quintet

have won the Kanagawa-ken Championship for 1926 and 1927, and if they are able to repeat their performance this year, they will be permanent owners of the Kanagawa-ken pennant. Interport series have also been held in the spring of 1927 and 1928. The first series, which called for a third game to decide the tie, were lost to Kobe and the second series, played at Kobe, were won by the Yokohama team in two straight games. Baseball has likewise been popular and our team has been able to maintain a good standing in the local newspaper leagues in which it has participated. Track and field has been revived again of late and the handicap meet held at the new S.J.C. grounds early this month was a success, two old records having been broken and two new ones established.

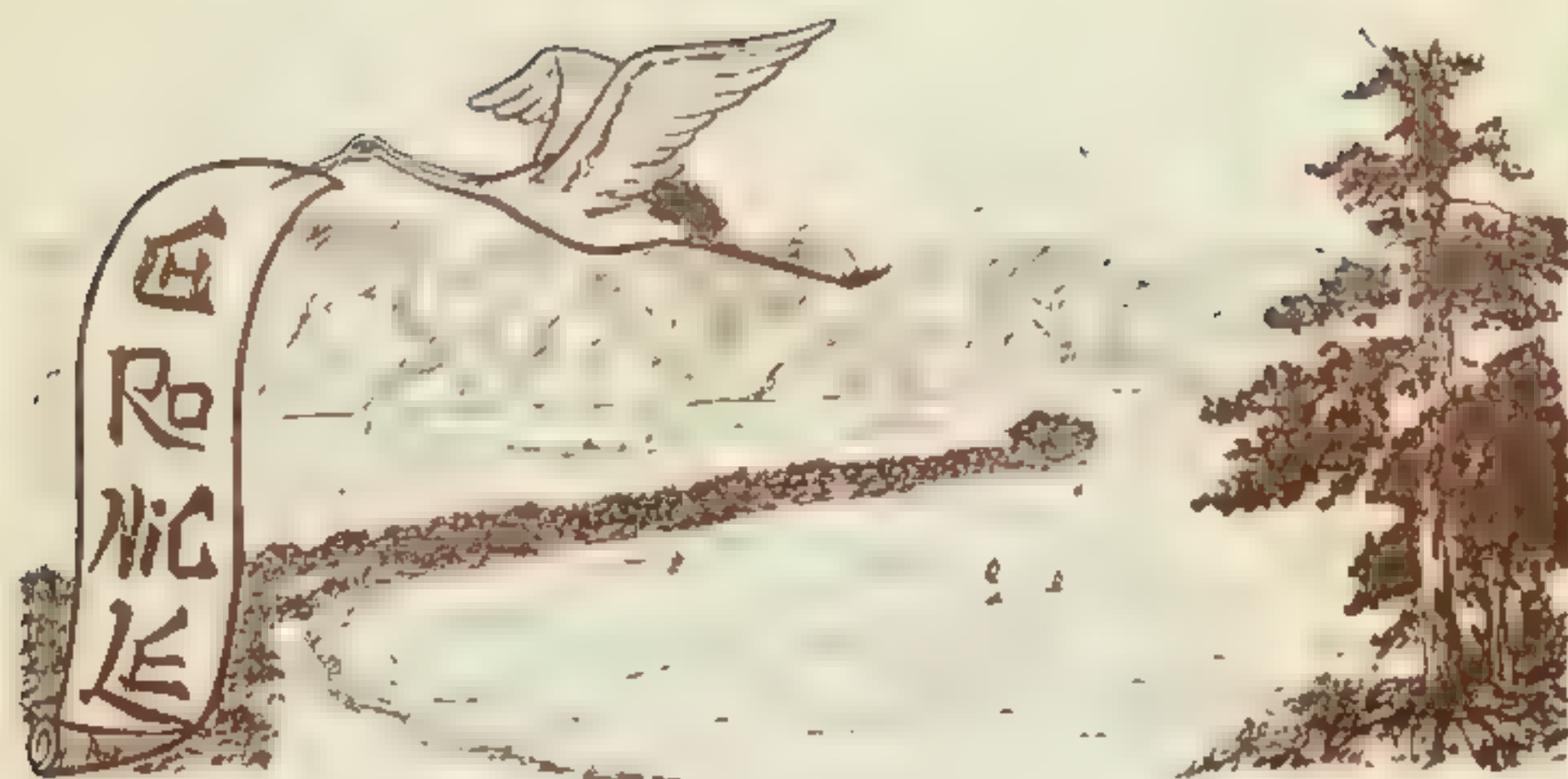
Besides these successes in an athletic way, which are only to be expected from a club of this kind, it is gratifying to report the social activities that have been undertaken. A good many dances have been held for the purpose of raising various funds, all fairly well supported, and those of recent date have been made more popular through the kind and excellent assistance of the Yokohama Amateur Dance Orchestra. A Social Evening was staged in February, at which some attempt at dramatics were made. An anniversary dinner was also held on March 17th, at the Crescent Club, which was well attended, as was the farewell dinner to

Mr. Gaschy, our Honorary President, on May 31st. A pingpong tournament has also added a new form of diversification for some of the members and has received much enthusiastic support.

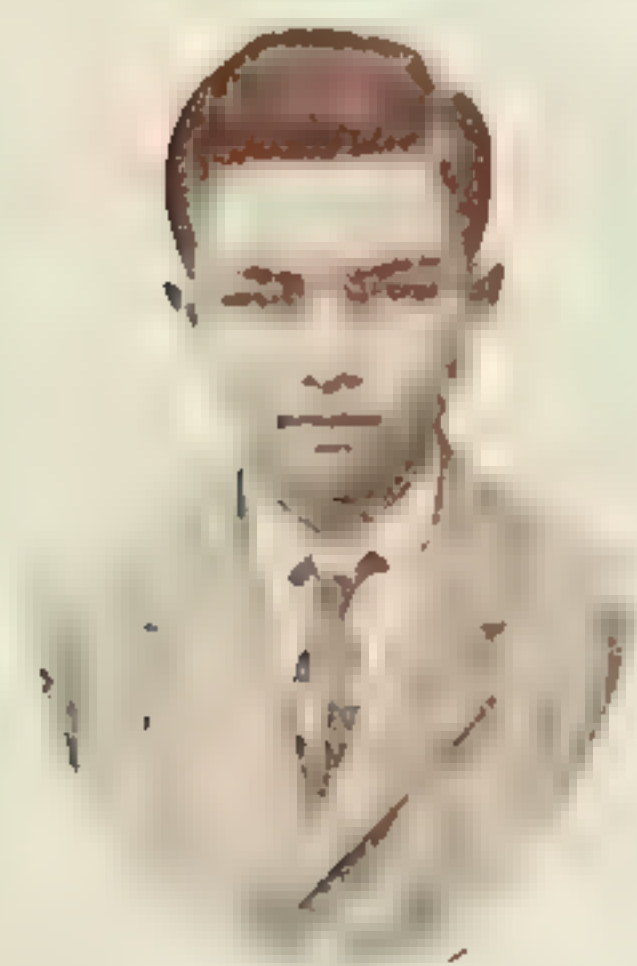
The foregoing will show what has already been accomplished, but what of the future? There is still a lot to do! There are many old S.J.C. boys who should join with us and we would be very happy indeed to hear from them. Also, how about Associate Members overseas? If these lines should catch the attention of any old St. Joseph's boy abroad, who would like to identify himself with this movement, we would appreciate it if he would get in touch with us c/o St. Joseph's College.

In closing this brief chronicle, we would like to put on record an expression of our sincere and hearty gratitude for and appreciation of the interest and support that the Director and Faculty of St. Joseph's College have always manifested in the activities of their old boys. This healthful association with our former teachers has done much towards the realization of our plans, and we are now promised further assistance in the shape of a club-house. If this idea materializes, it is earnestly hoped that all members will express their appreciation by doing their bit to make this club-house a central and popular gathering place for all alumni of St. Joseph's College.





Paul P. Fehlen '28



Obituary.

Just after the preceding issue of the Forward had got off the press, there occurred on March 31, the death of Student Marcel Brodessolles of the I High Class. He took sick on March 6 with influenzial-pneumonia. He was quite healed of the pneumonia but a complication from internal blood-poisoning set in and rapidly brought

on the endocarditis from which he ultimately died. Thru the indefatigable devotedness of the College physician, Dr. Herman Grauert, the young patient's life was prolonged artificially for 16 days. Three doctors pronounced the case a scientific impossibility because of the dreadful pyoceaneus germ that had got from the diseased tissues into the blood.

Our young friend was buried on April 3 in the Yokohama Foreign Cemetery. A large escort of mourning friends accompanied him to his last resting-place.

Opening of New Dormitory.

Monday May 28 was a day that had "stayed out long" but came at last. At 3 p.m. took place the ceremonial opening of the S.J.C. new dormitory and, as if to suit sense to sound, the meeting was held in one of the two spacious dormitories in the new building. There were addresses by the notabilities, both civil and ecclesiastic, who had honored us with their presence; there was also a

modest assortment of vocal and instrumental music with the students performing; and then, finally, there was open house and tea.

Inauguration of New Campus.

On the morrow of the opening of the new dormitory, the new S.J.C. campus was given its official initiation by an at-home field meet. The weather was fine and the program diversified.

There were in all 72 events, and those of the afternoon were designed chiefly to amuse visitors and therefore smacking more of the circus than the stadium.

Farewell to Director.

Director Gaschy, long since booked to leave June 10 for France, was given a cordial farewell on Saturday the 9th of the month. The occasion was unique and rather joyful than sad, because of the assured return by

the year-end or thereabout. The boys indeed sang to swell the bonny sail but also to suggest the fitness of a holiday to memorialize the event; and they were not altogether disappointed since one of the June half-holidays was enlarged into a whole one.

Chapel Choir Picnic.

On June 20th, the Chapel Choristers assembled for their annual trip to Tsurumi Park. All the different amusements entertained these lively boys the whole day; the ponies were made to sweat and the midget autos creaked around the course continuously.

The joyful merry-makers were furnished a great number of delicacies, after which there was a final departure rally and a song in thanksgiving for the pleasure received.

A return trip with gleeful choristers' songs ended the day.

Mail will reach Mr. J. B. Gaschy if addressed to the following places: Chateau de Reves, Hainaut, Belgium. From August to October, 1 Rue de Chateney, Antony, pres Paris, France. During November and December, University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A.

Graduation

John S. Mutow '28

Graduation! How like the trumpet's blast That summons forth the heroes to the field, To win life's laurels, rank and fame; Yet bearing e'er, a pure, untainted shield.	From Alma Mater's peaceful life, To a dread and unknown land. O fortune's irony! But why bewail our sorry lot? The God above will lead his erring flock, So, in our Father's House we'll meet, When hours, no more are read upon the clock.
The "reveille" awakes and whirls our hearts, - O exquisite tyranny! O sweet agony! -	



By John Burke '28

Sports Day

THE Spring Sports of 1928 were held on the new S.J.C. campus. The day was ideal for this occasion and did much to make the event a very successful one. No new records were established owing to the condition of the ground, and the lack of practice due to the construction work.

The officials in charge were: Mr. Hirota, the official starter for the running races. Mr. Eyton kindly acted as time-keeper together with Mr. Germain. Mr. J. F. Janning, Mr. Abromitis, Mr. C. Imhoff, Mr. F. Herner were the official judges.

The committee was composed of the present senior class.

In the afternoon at 2 o'clock the visitor's children took part in several toy and candy races. A long list of funny races was a part of the afternoon's program.

The prizes for the track and field events were distributed by M. M. de Bellefon, the French Consul.

We take this opportunity to extend our sincerest thanks to all who helped to make this athletic meet a remarkable success.

Saint Joseph College Athletic Records

Throwing the Cricket Ball	104 yards, May, 1908, V. Worden.
Fifty yards Dash	5 seconds, May, 1909, P. Trockey
One Hundred Yards Dash	10.25 seconds, May, 1910, P. Trockey.
High Jump	5 ft. 7 in. May, 1926, S. Dresser.
One Mile	4 min. 51 secs. May, 1927, J. Henry.
Pole Vault...	10 ft. 1 in. May, 1925, A. Dresser.
Two Hundred Twenty Yards...	24.25 secs. May, 1914, B. Andreis.



Long Jump	20 ft. 3½ in.	June, 1926, S. Dresser.
Four Hundred Forty Yards	50 seconds	May, 1909, P. Trockey.
Putting the Shot (12 lbs.)	35 ft. 11½ in.	May, 1927, A. Dresser.
Half Mile	2 min. 13 secs.	May, 1913, M. Feicke.
Hop, Step, & Jump	40 ft. 1 in.	May, 1927, A. Dresser.

S. J. C. in Football Tournament

THE first game of the long anticipated tournament took place on the Kosho grounds on May 20th, at 2 p.m. Although the weather conditions were not very favorable, it being extremely windy and dusty, a very interesting game was played.

The blue and whites kicked off with the wind at their back and steadily advanced, plowing down any opposition. Within a minute the Joseph boys had scored a point. M. Ganin receiving a neat pass netted the pill. Then followed some ding-dong midfield play, with the Saints breaking loose not unfrequently. Clouds of dust often hid the enemy goal from view. Notwithstanding this, the undaunted College boys attacked vigorously. A beautiful pass

from the side line, landed the ball before their backs. Dashing up the Saints' forwards took charge and soon another mark was added to our score by P. Fehlen.

The second half commenced by a desperate drive by the opponents, but which proved fruitless. The S.J.C. fullbacks were in a fighting mood. Werner Papandieck often robbed the dazed opponents, and dashed down the line, then centered beautifully. After desperate attempts by the red and whites a point was effected, making the score 2-1. Fierce attacks by the enemy followed, but our custodian saved the day. At the whistle for the end the score stood 2-1, the S.J.C. coming out on top.

S.J.C. in Second Game

THE S.J.C. winning the first game against the Koko met the Kosho in the semi-finals, on May 27th, at 1 p.m.

From the start the game was very rough, but the Saints got the upper hand and vanquished their opponents. Score: 2-0

Saints in Finals

THE Kamakura Shiha and the College met to decide the champions of Kanagawaken. The first half progressed very evenly, neither side scoring. Rough play on both sides was the chief feature of the game.

In the second half the Kamakura just managed to gain the lead, thereby winning the game and the championship.

Score: 1-0



THE A.A.A. INTERPORT AT KOBÉ



By Alex P. Neary '26

Doctor: "Your son, madam, is suffering from voluntary inertia."

Madam: "Poor dear Robert. And I accused him all along of being lazy."

She: "Who is that handsome boy with the cropped hair?"

He: "That's my cousin, Betty." "And the blonde man with the monocle?"

"That's my younger sister, Lu."

Laughing but embarrassed. "So, I suppose the other young man in the dinner jacket is your elder sister?"

"No, that's my grandmother."

Shoe Salesman-"What size do you take, madam?"

Customer-"Well, fives are my size, but five and a halves are so comfortable that I wear sixes."

"I hear, doctor, that you have left off attending Mr. Smith."

"Yes."

"Then I know he is now out of danger."

"What another loan, Oslo?"

"Yes, I'm nothing but a poor fish."

"Well, I declare! I never knew why it was so hard for you to keep your head above water."

Sammy-"Why did the boss fire you?"

Mose-"Well, you see, the boss was one of those who stand and watch other fellows work. Well, people began to take me for the boss."

Augusta-"Why does cream cost more than milk?"

Bridget-"It's harder for the cows to sit on the smaller bottles."

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If a man wants his dreams to come true, he must wake up.

Beginner: "Well, last summer I was hit by two autos and a truck."

Visitor at Exhibition - I wonder why Paine, the artist has called this picture "Home"?

Another Visitor - Because there's no place like it, I should say.

A Frenchman called to see a friend and announced: "I call to see Mr. Brown."

Maid: "You can't see him, sir; he's not up yet."

Frenchman: "Vat you tell? I come yesterday, and you say, can't see hem because he is not down; now you say, can't see hem because he is not up. Vat you mean? Ven will he be in ze middle?"

She - "What will I get, dear, if I cook a meal like this every day? Just for you?"

He - "My insurance."

Patron - "Do you serve lobster?"

Waiter - "Yes sir, we serve anybody."

Teacher - "If you want to make a good speech, take your hands out of your pockets, open your mouth, and throw yourself into it."

Football Coach (to beginner) "What experience have you had before?"

If $a = b$
then $a^2 = a \cdot b$

Subtract b^2 from each side and we have
 $a^2 - b^2 = a \cdot b - b^2$

or $(a - b)(a + b) = b(a - b)$

Dividing both sides by $(a - b)$, we get
 $a + b = b$

Now, as $a = b$, substitute "a" for "b" here, and we have

$a + a = a$

or $2a = a$

or $2 = 1$

This answer is, of course, absurd!
Where is the catch?

J. S. B. '19

A MAN named Little was arrested the other day for injuring four people with his car; he confessed that it was his first attempt at driving. Now we know the correct meaning of that little maxim: A little learning is a dangerous thing!

THE financial articles in a daily newspaper are headed: "MONEY MATTERS." I quite agree; it does.

A REFORMED American bandit is now a prominent church member. We suppose it is sheer absent-mindedness that makes him mutter "Stick 'em up!" when presenting the collection plate.

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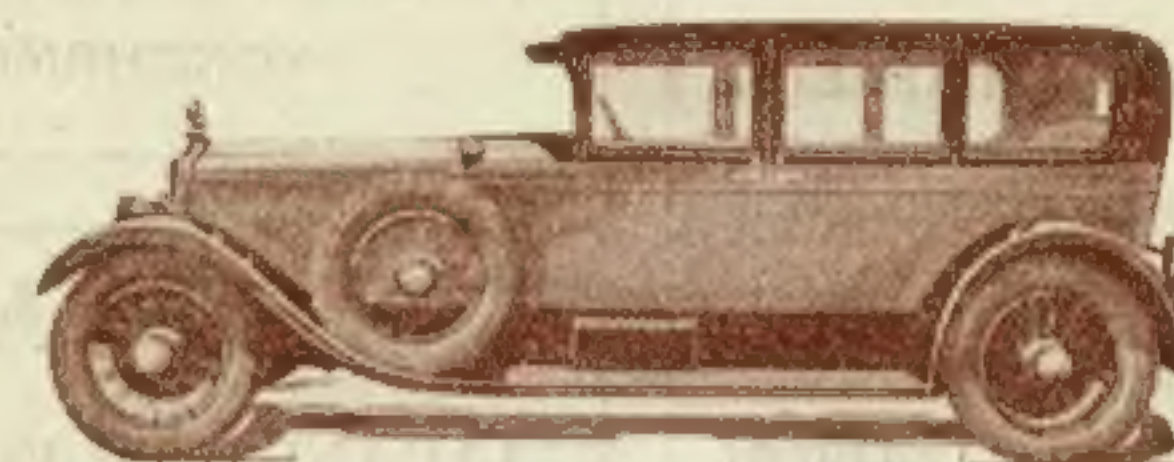
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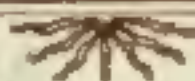
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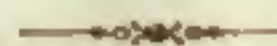
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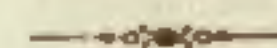
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